

Chapter 252

For a moment, he debated whether to stop. He was not ready for her to finish yet, not when he was enjoying this twelve-course meal before him.

Maybe he could spend the rest of the night this way, edging her, eating her until the rise of dawn —

“Don’t sstop.” The pleas came in a hushed, almost ashamed whisper. Like the sweetest, forbidden surrender.

“Please, don’t s-stop, Daemon,” she cried.

I thought you would never ask, Beloved.

And so, he gave it to her. His tongue plunging in and out, faster, deeper, as his thumb circled her clit, rubbing her into a frenzy.

“Ohhh—” she froze for a single, breathless second. Then shattered with a scream.

Daemonikai groaned as sweet flavor flooded his tongue, his reward for a job well executed. Fuck, she was hot.

His dick was so hard he humped the sheets to alleviate the ache as she splintered into a million pieces in his arms, her thighs tightly hugging his neck.

“Please, puuleease...!” she whined, heaving for air.

Finally, he eased the pressure, his lips turning soothing as he pressed gentle kisses to her sensitive pussy, calming the tremors wracking her body.

His fingers trailed softly along her thighs, patting her down, coaxing her body to relax.

Bit by bit, the tension drained from her... until her limbs melted into the sheets, pliant and spent.

Daemonikai stared at her, possessively taking a good look at his handiwork.

She lay completely undone under him, her eyes closed, every inch of her flushed and glowing, glistening with sweat.

Oh, she looked wrecked alright. And the night hadn’t even started.

But something bothered Daemonikai.

He’d thought he’d felt a fragile fresh as he fucked her with his tongue. Something that shouldn’t be there.

Gripping her thighs, he spread her legs wide again. She moaned her protest, but her body didn’t resist. It surrendered completely, letting him manipulate it as he pleased.

Surely, it couldn’t be...

His eyes fell back to his paradise, red and raw from his abuse. Her opening though was tiny, almost sealed shut, despite how thorough he’d just been.

And there, exposed in the soft, dim light to his enhanced sight was her hymen.

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PRINCESS EMERIEL

She was dead to the world.

Her Beloved was relentless, the echoes of what he’d done to her remaining in every fiber of her being.

The rainstorm of pleasure had passed, but the aftershocks still raked her body.

She had never thought it was possible to feel like this. Without the fog of heat and its hormonal lust, she hadn’t expected sex—true intimacy—to bring her pleasure. She had trusted Daemonikai not to hurt her, but she hadn’t dared to hope for more than that.

But, what she had just experienced... Heavens. It was beyond anything she could have imagined.

“Emeriel?” His deep baritone broke through the roaring in her ears.

Was he calling her name, or was that just her own heartbeat echoing in her skull? She wasn’t sure.

Slowly, she blinked her eyes open, the dim room swimming back into focus.

“Riel?” This time, his voice was clearer.

Propping herself up on one arm, she looked down at him.

The sight of him—Grand King Daemonikai, her Beloved, lying between her legs—did things to her insides. Emeriel had to fight the urge not to attempt closing her legs again.

He was staring at her exposed body with an intensity that made her want to shrink and hide, yet also set her heart racing.

“I know what I’m seeing, but...” he said slowly, brows knitted, his voice filled with disbelief. “I can’t believe...” He shook his head, still gawking at her there.

“Huh? I don’t understand,” she said, her voice groggy, head muddled from the aftermath of ecstasy.

Raising his head, their eyes met. She saw the raw emotion flaming in his eyes.

“You’ve never had sex outside your heat?” he asked, sounding so confused.

He knew.

Heat rose to Emeriel’s cheeks, spreading down her neck. She looked away.

“No, look at me.”

She stared into those green eyes that held lust, savagery and... tenderness.

“No one has ever touched you outside your heat, Emeriel?”

Not even during heat, my Beloved. I’ve been on suppressants for two years now because I can’t bear another’s hand on me. I want no man’s touch but yours. You are all I want in the world.

Emeriel swallowed those thoughts, soft feelings for this male curling in her chest.

“Never at all? Not even once?” Something very possessive and fiercely tender crossed his features.

She shook her head, her face burning with embarrassment. There was no point in denying it.

“These past two years...” His gaze dropped back to her core, lingering. “I’m your first... everything. Your first knot, your first feeder...” His voice faltered as he swallowed hard. “And now, I get to take your virginity too?”

Her throat tightened, eyes stinging with tears. She blinked hard, swallowing the lump rising.

Lowering his head, King Daemonikai pressed a reverent kiss to the inside of her thigh. Then another, each one soft and worshipful.

“How did an ancient like me get so blessed?” he groaned against her skin, his lips brushing tenderly over her.

You are the only male I have ever wanted. In the past, present, and future. Always you.

He pulled away, quickly shedding his clothing until he was naked. Then, he came back, crawling over her body, enveloping her in his warmth.

“I have everything you can give, except one.” He brushed his lips tenderly across her forehead. “One day, I wish to have your heart again.”

You never stopped having it. Even through the hurt, the bitterness, the resentment, you never stopped having it. Not even when I lost our child...

A tear trailed down her cheek, glistening in the soft light.

He kissed it. “I’m sorry for everything you went through in your short life, Riel.” He caressed her sides, pressing a tender kiss to the tip of her nose. “The wounds I inflicted and the ones I didn’t. The pain I was aware of and the hurt I wasn’t...”

Oh gods.

“Please, don’t do this,” she whispered, her voice breaking as she fought to keep her tears at bay. “Not tonight.”